



" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."

VOL. VI. [II. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, DECEMBER 5, 1829.

No. 14.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

A TALE OF OLD TIMES.

Among those, who, previous to the French and Indian wars, left the more thickly inhabited parts of Massachusetts, and penetrated into the wilds of New Hampshire, and the "Hampshire grants," was the fierce and daring partisan Henderson. Alone, he erected a rude log hut far beyond the most remote settlements; the haunts of the savage beasts of prey were near, and the smoke curled from the wigwam of the Indian but a short distance from his habitation. The Indians often passed by the hut of Henderson, on their way to the white settlements; but woe was to him who came nigh with hostile intentions; for the summons of Henderson's rifle was fatal. From his earliest boyhood, Henderson was acquainted with the wiles and stratagems of Indian warfare; his earliest days were spent in learning to use the deadly rifle, and before he had arrived at the age of manhood, many a savage had fallen before his fatal aim. Henderson was tall, and strong—the strongest Indian warrior was not able to cope with him single handed—many had made the attempt, but he would hurl them to the ground—he would wield with ease his heavy hatchet, and hurl it as true to its mark, as the most expert Indian could his light tomahawk—he was so swift of foot, that he could outspeed the most active Indian runner, and too wary to fall into the ambush of the subtle savage.

Like the original sons of the forest, who bore towards him a deadly hate, Henderson depended on his gun for sustenance. With his rifle he would bring the fierce catamount from the tallest tree, and the eagle from her nesting place, on the high cliff; the panther, and wolf knew his skill, and at night he rested himself on their skins. The nimble deer could not escape, and their wide spreading antlers were hung up for trophies around his hut, while on

the smoky rafters hung the gammons of the grizzly bear, who had been routed from his den by this "almost Indianized pioneer of the forest." When the hatchet was taken up, by the French and Indians in 1755, a party of the latter made an attempt to surprise Henderson in his dwelling, and take him prisoner; but they did not succeed; their chief with several of his warriors fell before his fatal rifle, and the rest returned to their tribe, howling over their loss. Henderson now joined the corps of rangers commanded by Rogers and Putnam, and the narrative of many a daring exploit performed by him, while in that service, is still preserved in those traditional legends of New-England, that are fast falling into "the shades of forgetfulness."

Putnam, with about forty of his rangers, were posted on a small creek, near its entrance into the south end of lake George, for the purpose of watching the movements of the French, and to intercept the scouting parties that might be sent out. One evening Henderson, who was one of the party, took his post on guard at the mouth of the creek. For nearly two hours he carefully listened to every passing breeze, but not a sound could he hear save the occasional plunging of the musk-rat, that sported along the shore. At length a light breeze sprung up, and blew directly from the lake up the mouth of the creek; a faint indistinct sound was swept along by the wind, and the quick ear of Henderson soon distinguished the splashing of an oar, although it was at a considerable distance and carefully used. He now withdrew, with great caution, more into the shade of the bushes, and extended himself on the ground, anxiously listening to the sound; but as the breeze died away silence again reigned, and for a considerable time nothing occurred to interrupt it. A slight agitation was at length visible on the surface of the water, the splashing of the oar was distinctly heard, at the mouth of the creek, and a canoe soon passed up; but so much in the shade of the opposite shore, that he was unable to distinguish who it contained. Henderson waited

a few moments, and satisfied that it was a scout of the French that had passed, he cautiously launched a light canoe, that had been artfully concealed in the brush; placing himself in it, and giving a slight push, the frail vessel shot into the stream. But the last movement was made too hastily; for immediately a canoe passed down the creek with the speed of an arrow, endeavouring to regain the lake. Henderson now started in swift pursuit, and as he gained the mouth of the creek, the moon, which had been obscured, emerged from the clouds and enabled him to discover the object of his pursuit; it was a large, sturdy savage, who directed his way towards the French encampment. Every nerve was now strained to the utmost in the pursuit; the light of the moon was too faint for Henderson to use his rifle, had he been under no fear of giving the alarm. They both handled their oars with great dexterity and for some time the chase was continued with nearly equal velocity. The Indian when he had drawn Henderson a considerable distance from the mouth of the creek, began to slacken his efforts and prepare for a close combat. Henderson was soon so near his foe as to narrowly observe his movements. The gun of the Indian was suffered to lie useless, with the muzzle resting on the stern of his canoe; he stood erect, one hand grasped the oar, and with the other he brandished a tomahawk, which glittered in the moon-light; but he seemed loth to part with his weapon, until his foe had approached nearer to him. Henderson now took his heavy hatchet from his belt and as he arose prepared for a desperate conflict; the Indian hurled his tomahawk, but the tottering of his canoe caused him to miss his aim; it whistled by the ear of Henderson and fell harmless into the water, a few rods from him. The Indian, uttering the savage exclamation of "ugh," seized his gun, and was bringing it to his face, when Henderson hurled his hatchet with a deadly aim; the Indian tottered for a moment vainly endeavouring to raise his piece to his face; the gun dropped from his hands, now palsied by death, and he fell upon the side of his canoe—it capsized, and the savage sunk to rise no more. Henderson now returned to his companions, who were unapprized of his absence. Three days after this, the engagement with the celebrated Molang took place; and the rangers after having slain nearly five times their own number, effected their retreat to Fort Edward, with but little loss.

Years had rolled away, and again the cry of war rang through our land; again the appeal "to arms," was heard, and the call was promptly answered by the hardy yeomen of New-England. Britain had now armed herself, to crush with the iron grasp of tyranny the infant liberties of her colonies; her veterans, led by her most skilful officers, were now in arms, against a band of undisciplined yeomanry, who had hastily assembled, in defence of what they

held most dear. In the New-Hampshire regiment commanded by the brave Stark, was an aged soldier; he was tall, and his form but slightly bent, although his brow was furrowed with toil, and his head whitened by the storms of more than sixty winters. He was armed with a rifle, that had the appearance of long, and careful use; on one side hung a horn well filled with powder, and on the other a deer-skin pouch containing the leaden messengers—it was Henderson. He had again stepped forth at the call of his country, to stay the hand of the ruthless invader. On the ever memorable 17th of June 1775 the regiment of Stark, took a position on the left of the American redoubt; their deadly fire twice broke the steady discipline of the British troops, and caused them to fall back in disorder. The rifle of the aged soldier had cut down three British officers, and was raised for the fourth, when the British troops delivered the enfilading fire of third attack—Henderson fell—and died a martyr to his country's cause. **LEVOU.**

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA SAT. EVENING POST.

THE VENDUE.

(Continued.)

THE WANDERINGS OF WM. SWANSEY.

We have already witnessed the return and restoration to his wife and children of the long lost William Swansey, and we left him seated among the almost distracted group of his family and friends. Of these friends, I may now inform the reader, some were his school fellows, the companions of his youth. Such were Solomon Overton, the protector of Mrs. Swansey and her children; Mrs. Overton, a most interesting representation of what a farmer's wife should be, and if not still young, yet smiling in health and peace of mind; and, in point of age, the father of the little assembly, the white-headed Thomas McFrame, reaching, but not trembling, on the verge of seventy years.

Every eye was turned on Wm. Swansey, or Simon Graham, as the restored father and husband sat ready to relate the causes of his long absence and happy return. "You may remember, my dear Maria," said Graham—but here the sound of a carriage rapidly reaching and sweeping through the gate, interrupted the speaker. "Is Mr. Simon Graham here?" said a strong voice from the carriage. "He is," replied Graham, rushing towards the new speaker, as the latter sprung to the ground. "Why, Captain, you are a prompt sailor, by sea or land," smilingly observed Graham, as he seized the stranger's hand, and both turning to the carriage, assisted out a very lovely woman, a still more lovely boy, about four years old, and a very genteel, middle-aged, but very feeble man.

"Mr. McFrame and Mr. Overton," said Graham, as he supported towards them the invalid, "you cannot have forgotten our old acquaintance, Henry Holcombe?" "Henry

Holcombe!" ejaculated the whole company, with mingled joy and regret; "is this Henry Holcombe?" crowding round him, as they all rather tumultuously entered the house.

"This is our still gentle Henry," continued Graham; something the worse in his timbers, it is true—this is Mrs. Holcombe, and this," seizing the eager boy in his arms, and holding him towards Mrs. Swansey, "is Charles Holcombe."

"And who am I?" exclaimed the newly arrived Captain, with a most good natured laugh. Here all eyes were turned on the Captain;—and before them stood a man about forty five years of age, in height rather above the middle size, with a frame between that of a Hercules and an Apollo. His dress and language evinced his profession, and his appearance exhibited a most advantageous representation of the American sailor.

"My friends," replied Graham, most impressively, "here is the man who has, under Heaven, restored us to each other"—but rather abruptly checking himself, addressed the Captain, saying, "this is my long-lost wife, this my son, and here my daughter. This is the now venerable Thomas McFrame, that his daughter. Here let me make you acquainted with Mr. Solomon Overton and Mrs. Overton, and their son and two daughters." And thus the various members of the party passed in review before the intent countenance of the sailor, who seemed as if his piercing eye sought some particular face, but with evident pain and uncertainty.

"Come," said Graham, "as you and your company must need some rest and refreshment, let us compose ourselves. I was just opening a little history of the wanderings of William Swaney, alias, your friend Simon Graham, when you arrived; if you are not too much fatigued to hear a long story, it shall be resumed as soon as you have taken some restoratives." In about an hour, all were again reseating themselves to hear the promised tale; but as they were sitting down, the sailor anxiously whispered Graham, "Which is her?" "Poh!" replied Graham, "Captain you were always a little too impatient for time"—and the Captain with smiling resignation, seated himself beside Mr. McFrame and Mrs. Overton.

"You may remember, my dear Maria," resumed Graham, "that when we were children my impatience and violence of temper made me a troublesome playmate; and as age advanced, these defects became more inveterate. Losing my mother in infancy, and having neither mother nor sister, Maria Wallace seemed to me the latter. Left almost unnoticed by my father, little Maria was really my most effective moral instructor. I well remember, when a mere boy, my heart involuntarily asked me—how will Maria behave should I do so?" or, what will Maria say when she knows what I have done? But, alas! even this monitor

was then taken from me—she was sent to Bethlehem, and myself to a country school. Years passed away, during which I only occasionally saw my sister, as I fondly called, and considered my cousin.

At school amongst many others, I formed three acquaintances, which I now mention from the influence they had on my future state. All of these Mr. McFrame and Mr. Overton knew. Henry Holcombe was slender in frame firm, but mild, and younger than myself.—Thomas Sharpe, was one or two years my senior, and in person and temper the very reverse of Henry Holcombe. Dark, gloomy, and yet fierce, with the most undaunted courage, and very uncommon personal strength, Sharp seemed created for the tyrant and Holcombe for the victim, and such soon became the relation between them. The sufferings of the one, and the inflictions of the other, however, soon met a check. Of all the young men I ever knew, Benjamin Walters, of our school, most completely set his parents, his teachers, and Lavater at defiance."

"Benjamin Walters!" eagerly exclaimed Mrs. Overton; "my brother, Mr. Swaney, where is my brother? Do you know aught of him?"—and a convulsive flood of tears checked all reply. Mr. Swaney was himself shocked, or appeared so, and those of the company who never before learned the relation, turned their eyes upon each other, with they knew not what of undefined inquiry.

"I hope," observed the sailor, looking earnestly into the face of Mrs. Overton, "that this Benjamin Walters is not the same with a mad master of a vessel I was once acquainted with. A thundergust, who regarded a-northwester as little as he did a voyage round the earth. Many a scrape have I carried him out of, many a brawl has he involved me in;—if it is him, madam, you are weeping for, dry your tears, and rejoice that he has gone to the bottom. The last time I saw him, he told me he was a native of Bucks County, in Pennsylvania; that his parents were dead and that all the near relatives he left behind him was a sister, a good girl enough, but hardly worth returning to see."

During this incomprehensible narrative, the mingled emotions of Mrs. Overton were overpowering; her tears were dried; indeed, her really sweet visage assumed a severity which, to be felt, must be seen; but which her tormentor regarded with no other indication than a most provoking curl of the lip, as much above description as her wrath.

"It is vain," continued the sailor, "to blubber about drowned men, and if, as I was the friend of your brother, you could forget him, and call me *your own Benny*."

Here Mrs. Overton raised her fine blue eyes upon the manly visage before her. He had risen to his feet; his lip quivered; his whole demeanor was changed, and the sun-embrowned cheeks were wet. It was indeed a mo-

ment of agony. "My Benny!" at length burst from the now enraptured sister, as she flew into the arms of her restored brother. Captain Walters was himself the first of the company to regain command of feeling, and whilst gently removing his sister from his breast, and reseating her, laughingly observed, "This is like sailing in one hour from the north pole to the tropics, but all in good time; my beloved Susan, with your leave, I shall now find a birth beside you, and let Mr. Graham finish his log book."

Strong as he was, he would have found it no easy matter to have separated himself from Mrs. Overton, who, as I firmly believe, heard no other part of Mr. Graham's tale, except where the name of Ben Walters roused her recollection.

"Ben Walters, as I have already observed," continued Mr. Graham, "set teachers and Lavater at defiance. Wild as the winter wind, yet collected in all circumstances, beyond any other example I ever knew; apparently thoughtless, I never knew him, in word or deed, give the very slightest unprovoked pain. Active and powerful, his own wrongs were utterly disregarded, and the first time I remember to have seen anger in his eye, was when our poor friend Holcombe was struck down by Sharpe. The blow was given pretendedly, in play, but really in malice. Ben turned his eye from the writhing victim, to his persecutor, and coolly observed, "Sharp, I wish you had struck me in place of Henry." "I can do so yet," grinned Sharpe. But he was too late; fire flashed from Ben's eyes, and Sharpe lay rolling in the dust.

What a blow! what a blow! How much has it cost Thomas Sharpe, Henry Holcombe, Benjamin Walters and Simon Graham. Sharp rose slowly, made no attempt to resent the chastisement, but we could ever after perceive a deadly hatred rankling in his brow—a hatred which neither Ben or myself feared. Our protection preserved Henry from its immediate effects, and in due time we were separated, each to find his own way in the world.

My Maria had not yet returned from Bethlehem, when in an excursion into New-Jersey, I met with, flirted with, and was in the end ruined, in mind and reputation, by a woman whose name I cannot repeat. I saw my own folly when too late. My mind was in a chaos; the only prudent act I had done on this fatal expedition, was one of mere omission. I had not mentioned my place of residence to —, and tore myself away, and returned home. At home I found my more than sister, Maria Wallace—The wound in my heart festered; I became gloomy, and neglectful of business; offended my uncle and aunt; was pitied, and loved, and married to my steady friend, my Maria.

The anger of her parents was severe but evanescent; we were restored to our natural haven, but peace of mind to me was gone.

every day dreaded to hear from or see the demon from New-Jersey. Thus brooding over rashness and folly, my time passed, until my Maria was soon expected a second time to need my most cheerful affection. I went to Philadelphia, on my uncle's business, and in Market street my limbs were frozen, by being seized rudely by the arm, and by seeing in the face of my detainer the tormentor I so long dreaded.

"I know all," she tauntingly and loudly vociferated; "here is your boy," holding up a very vulgar child who, from its age, I knew could not be mine—"who I am going to carry up to Bucks county to introduce to your Maria."

Ready to sink with shame and surprise, I was long enough bewildered to admit a mob to collect; but recovering myself, I summoned presence of mind sufficient to know that neither anger or remonstrance in the open street would do good; I therefore, though with some difficulty, prevailed on my evil genius to attend me to a public house.

Whilst making our way from the crowd, my mind was made up. Unhappy at home; hopeless, and, without the aid of my wife's parents, poor; pursued by a wretch I could neither silence nor bribe, and knowing that my Maria and children would not be forsaken, I rapidly sketched my plan. As we entered the door of the public house, I called for a private room and a dinner for two persons, and at once paid the amount. I knew the house, and after entering our room, I, with apparent levity, caressed the child, and stepped, with assumed carelessness, out of a side door into an entry, and walking slowly into the back yard, turned round a stable, opened an alley door, and escaped. In an instant I was again in Market street, and in less than ten minutes on board of a packet bound to Boston.

The second day from leaving home, I was on the bosom of the Atlantic. It is in vain to attempt any description of my feelings. The weather was stormy, and, though never before at sea, my calmness astonished and delighted the captain. He thought it courage: it was despair—it was madness. On the third day, the north-west wind, which had hasted us out of the Delaware, blew a gale, and adverse to our course. Holding by a rope I saw the captain was alarmed, and coolly asked him if he had ever been shipwrecked. He replied that he had not, and hoped he never should be. I neither hoped or feared, but was really glad to have my mind employed by the tempest, and I was gratified. The storm augmented and we were forced to sea dismasted and reduced to a wreck. Driven for ten days, at the mercy of the winds, and expecting death every moment, we were relieved, on the eleventh day, by a ship bound from Charleston, in South Carolina, to Cadiz, in Spain. I regretted the misfortune and wretchedness of the captain and crew, but on my own account really preferred the change of destination. Without any particular additional

accident we reached Cadiz, where, in a foreign land, unknown and pennyless, I was put on shore. The circumstances of our shipwreck made some noise among the American residents at Cadiz, and was the cause of my introduction to a Mr. David Ford, a Philadelphia merchant, then in that city on business; and suffice it to say, as much of my story was made known to him as interested him greatly, and I was very kindly taken into his employ.

In the many years of my painful pilgrimage, Mr. Ford was the only entire stranger I ever made a confidant, and in him I found a true friend.

At the time of leaving Philadelphia, I assumed my father's christian, and my mother's family name, and, as Simon Graham, became, in process of time, the partner of the house of Ford, Williamson and Graham.

Years flowed away. Mr. Ford resided in Philadelphia, and by his means, I from time to time heard, but vaguely, however, from my family. My heart bid me return, but remorse, shame, and, perhaps, mistaken pride, forbade my meeting one so much beloved, and so deeply injured.

The affairs of the house prospered, and I became rich, far above my hopes. Though absent I was not unmindful of those I had deserted. I kept a will duly drawn in their favour. It was for many years my annual resolution to return; but delay followed delay, until a severe and protracted illness admonished me that my days were fleeting. Whilst merely convalescent, and whilst arranging my affairs for my return, one of our ships came into port, under the command of Henry Holcombe. The name revived friendly recollections, and on going on board, I found my old school-fellow, his wife, and this little sailor. I need not say I took a passage with them, and our voyage progressed pleasantly;—though, from the prevalence of northern winds, we were wafted into a more southern latitude than we could have desired. We were, nevertheless, borne towards our port on the wings of the winds, when at once our hopes were blasted. We were chased and captured by a pirate,—an armed schooner. I was still weak, but my own hardships were soon forgotten in concern for those of my friends. Amongst his ferocious crew of blood, by far the most inhuman was the pirate captain. Why, I could not surmise, this monster seemed to regard us with peculiar hate. We had been for some days confined in indescribable suffering, and every moment awaited death with all its horrors. Both Holcombe and myself were heavily ironed; but, I believe, on the eighth day, in the evening, one of our captors came down and removed our irons. This man I had often observed, and could not but feel astonished that such a countenance could be so associated. Whilst removing my manacles I saw the tears fall on the iron, and one fell warm on my hand. A ray of hope was enkindled, but my effort to speak was checked with

a silent but impressive look. There was something most acutely distressing in the conduct of our captors on this occasion. Captain Holcombe had been until this time rigidly confined, and so cramped were his limbs, that it was with much difficulty he tottered on deck.

A few moments of mysterious quietness increased my fears that something horrible was to follow; and my bitter suspense was soon dispelled by mingled screams and curses. Above all, rose to heaven the rending voice of Mrs. Holcombe.—“My husband! my husband! for God's sake, captain, my husband!” These piercing exclamations drove from my mind all personal reflection, and by one of those, perhaps, supernatural efforts, I seemed not only restored to my wonted vigour, but to have regained more than the strength of youth, as I rushed on deck. The first object that arrested my maddened gaze, was poor Holcombe, prostrate and bleeding; and the following dreadful words from the pirate captain, discovered to my mind who he was, and the full horrors of our situation:—“Harry Holcombe, do you remember Thomas Sharpe?” grinned the demon. “God of mercy receive my soul!” calmly ejaculated the wretched Holcombe,—whilst his wife, with one hand clinging to her child, and the other stretched toward her husband, was dragged by the hair by one of these furies. At this moment with a lion's rage, I dashed into the crowd, and wrenched a very heavy cutlass from the hands of one of the crew. The attempt was desperate, but I was not left alone. “Henry Holcombe!” came in thunder from the man who had taken off our irons, as he rushed to my side. “Sharpe, you cut-throat villain, do you remember Ben Walters?”

There was, however, no time for words. We were two, to near twenty desperate and armed men. Surprise had, for an instant, paralyzed our opponents; and that instant was fatal to them. Two had already fallen under my hands, and the use of their fire arms had yet been injurious only to themselves, though both our clothes were pierced. At the voice and recognition of Ben Walters, Sharpe had turned from his defenceless victim, and, firing a pistol, aimed at Walters, but which a lurch of the vessel directed to the heart of one of his other men.—Dropping their pistols and drawing their hangers, the two seemed to have forgot every thing but vengeance. Walters had not for a moment lost his presence of mind, and as he rushed towards Sharpe, called out, with a most authoritative voice, to three or four of the crew, whom he knew, to cut down that villain Sharpe. This admirable stratagem had its fullest effect. Dismay, confusion, and mutual rage, now turned these wretches on each other; and in a moment, more than two-thirds were dead, overboard or mortally wounded. Sharpe whose only virtue was mere bravery, undismayed met the terrible Walters; but the contest was short; the sword of the latter sunk deep into the right shoulder of

the former, and felled him to the deck, and the next second his cleft skull closed the fearful contest.

As many as remained unwounded were, one by one, admitted on deck and bound. Three, whom Ben swore were cowards, were admitted to assist in navigating the Emily into port.—These malefactors now await the decision of the offended laws of their country. On my arrival in Philadelphia, I learned the state of affairs on the Muskingum, and purchased on my own account the demands of the house against the estate of Jasper Trimming, which I soon found involved to great amount. The son and mother have yet to account for their unfeeling conduct. They were not pressed by the house, nor would we have known how matters stood, but a gentleman, a merchant from Marietta, having some business to transact with us, accidentally learned that we were the creditors of Trimming, and stated the circumstances of the suits."

"We have good cause to forgive them," said Mrs. Swansey; "they have brought you home," as she fondly embraced her restored husband.

"My sweet sister," said Ben Walters, "has received me as a brother, though that brother was a pirate."

"You were never a pirate, Ben," sobbed Mrs. Overton, though it was evident very painful feelings were excited in her bosom.

"A pirate or no," said Ben, "my dear Susan, I was found in bad company. I am now in better society, it is true. I have made you cry many a time, and it is time to make you laugh. I am not as rich as my friend Graham, but I have something in the locker, and that something Susan must have; and if you can spare me a birth, may be I may sail through life in your ship, sister."

How Susan Overton received this proposal, we shall learn when we hear how such a man as Benjamin Walters could be found one of a pirate crew.

(Concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

LIFE.

"Oh! why should we seek to anticipate sorrow—
Or why should the dark-rolling clouds of to-morrow
O'ershadow the sunshine and joys of to-day?"

Thus sung Henry Neele, one of England's gifted spirits; and, if we were to judge from the above quotation—a jovial, good natured fellow, who made the most of the present time, without troubling his head about the future. Yet, how was the fact? Henry Neele ended with his own hands a miserable existence, and rushed, uncalled for, into the presence of his Maker. People may say what they will, this life of ours is a rough-and-tumble sort of business—and the fact ought to be generally known, that no disappointment may be felt—

where little or nothing is expected. Those who imagine they can pass on in the great thoroughfare of life, as smoothly and easily as the car of a modern railway, will find themselves most egregiously mistaken. The world is not what painters and poets would make it. There is nothing dreamy and visionary about it. It is palpably real, and far—very far from romantick.

There is nevertheless something melancholy in the reflection that the visions of our early years must fade one after another, until nothing but the cold and substantial reality is left us—nothing but the remembrance of having passed over a land of flowers, crushing them under our feet, and bending forward to catch a glimpse of something beyond—until the enchanted region was left behind, and the spirit, which presides over the past, like the angel at the gates of Paradise, had barred our return thither. Well, it is a lesson we must all learn, and the sooner we are acquainted with it, so much the better for our pilgrimage. It is wiser by far to look out on the rising tempest, when it comes growling and muttering up the horizon, than to veil our eyes until the earth is quaking to the stroke of its thunderbolts, and the red pathway of its lightning becomes visible above us.—*American Manufacturer.*

Piety in Females.—Woman without religion is a solecism in morals, a deformity in social life. She resembles the dead oak, to which the verdant ivy still gives the appearance of freshness, as it twines its inflexible branches around the withered stems. There is life, it is true: yet it is not in the main body of the tree, but in its intrinsic decorations.—Woman may look attractive at a distance, as if her characteristic requisites were in full vigor, but approach her nearly, and you see a redundancy of ornamental qualities, covering, like the unsubstantial ivy, the lifeless trunk, from which emanates no one substantial good, for the principle of life is wanting."—*Mrs. Cary's Letters.*

Effect of Flattery.—In a certain burgh town in Scotland, there existed in the days of yore a member of the learned profession who was called to the command of a company of volunteers. This individual, though in every respect a most excellent character, piqued himself upon his appearance in his martial garb. One day on returning from parade, he thus accosted his sergeant: "Well, Sergeant Morrison, how did I look in the field to-day?" "Why," responded the sergeant, "your honour looked like Julius Cæsar at the head of the Roman army." "Jenny! bring Sergeant Morrison the remains of the goose and a bottle of porter."

Criticism.—After a long voyage, a number of sailors determined upon church, when arrived they seated themselves in the gallery re-

solved not to be confined in the "hold"—but to be upon "deck." The parson usually read a long "dull sleepy sermon." The sailors in the gallery could see distinctly every page as the parson slowly turned over his paper—watching with intense interest for the end. At length one discovered one page partly filled, and its fellow blank and exclaimed, "Rejoice boys, I see land!"

An Ingenious Apology.—"Why,"—said a country clergyman to one of his flock—"do you always snore in your pew when I am in the pulpit, while you are all attention to every stranger I invite?" "Because, sir, when you preach I'm sure all's right: but I can't trust a stranger without keeping a good look out."

The Gunpowder Plot.—A person who had a most resplendent red face, was angry with his son for having gunpowder. "Having gunpowder!" said he; "I will set my face against it." "For heaven's sake, consider what you are about," answered the boy, "for if you do, we shall be blown up."

Preaching.—A clergyman who officiates in the diocese of Winchester, was lately complained of by certain of his parishioners for that he, the said vicar, preached sermons not exceeding fifteen minutes in length. The bishop admonished him to preach sermons of a greater length. The obedient vicar, the next Sunday, preached a sermon two hours long, which set all his congregation a gaping. On the ensuing Sunday, after reading the lessons, he retired and placed the keys of the church in his pocket, and, ascending the pulpit, he informed his audience of the fact, and withal, that he should preach to them for three hours. This he did, and his hearers afterwards besought him to return to his pristine mode of preaching.

Power of Eloquence.—The accomplished skeptic, Chesterfield, was present when Whitefield presented the votary of sin under the figure of a blind beggar, led by a little dog who had broken his string—the blind cripple with his staff between both hands, groping his way unconscious to the side of a precipice. As he felt along with his staff, it dropped down the descent, too deep to send back an echo. He thought it on the ground, and bending forward he took a careful step to recover it. But he trod on vacancy, poised for a moment, and as he fell headlong—Chesterfield sprung from his seat, exclaiming, "By Heaven, he's gone!"

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1829.

NEW AGENTS.

Isaac Dubois, Kingston—Charles Merrill, Vernon, N. Y.—Geer Terry, P. M. Enfield, Ct.—Hugh Moore, Gifford, N. H.—R. G. Stone, Burlington, Vt.

The Plate.—We this week present our readers with a handsome lithographic engraving representing a view of the Entrance to the Highlands, from an island on the eastern shore of the Hudson.

We have recently received several new periodicals, among which, are the following:—

The Mechanic's Press, a weekly journal, published at Utica, by T. M. Ladd and W. Schram. This is a neatly printed sheet in the quarto form "devoted to Mechanism, Literature and the news of the day," and we cheerfully recommend it to that portion of community for whose use it is more particularly designed, as being worthy of their most liberal patronage. That the object of the publishers may be more fully understood, we present the following extract from their address to the public:—"The Mechanics' Press will be conducted upon such equitable principles as shall appear to us best calculated and adapted to the furtherance of the cause we are bound to support. In every thing as far as our power extends, will the interest of the Mechanic be consulted. Their chief good shall be our chief aim—their advantage our interest. In the prosecution of this intention, however, we have no thoughts of embodying any portion of our fellow citizens, for the purpose of opposing the remainder. Our line of conduct is marked out—to mingle as little in the great political struggles with which our republic is divided, as is compatible with the interest of the class we advocate. This line of conduct will be strictly followed."—*Subscriptions for the above work received at this office.*

The Essayist, the first number only of which has as yet appeared, is to be issued semi-monthly, by Dutton & Wentworth, Boston. Its principal design is the improvement of young writers in composition; though a portion of its pages will be devoted "to compositions from higher sources, and to such selections as may be deemed interesting and useful." "The basis of our project," says the editor, "is something similar to that of the Lyceum—the uniting of the talents of the scholar and the unlearned. Objections, undoubtedly, will be made to this; but we are unable to see their foundation. The sun rides in majestic splendor through the same heaven where shines the minutest star; and mountain waves roll on the same ocean where plays the smallest ripples."—The plan of the *Essayist* is good, and we have no doubt it will merit, and we hope receive, a full share of public patronage.

The Diamond, a weekly miscellany, published at Auburn, by Suydam & Wheeler—price \$1 per annum. This little paper promises well, and we wish it success.

MARRIED,

At Stuyvesant, on Saturday the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Sturges, Mr. Robert Chittenden, to Miss Rebecca Beebe, all of the above place.

At Claverack, on Saturday the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Henry Hallenbeck, of Copake, to Betsey Williams, of the same place.

In Spencertown, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Berger, Mr. Barent Van Valkenburgh, of Kinderhook, to Miss Leah Hoysradt, daughter of the late Henry A. Hoysradt, of Ancram.

Mr. Jeptha Regan, editor of the Dayton (Ohio) Journal, to Miss Anna Maria Williams.

DIED,

At Claverack, on the 12th ult. Mrs. Anna Maria, relief of the late Rev. John G. Gebhard, in the 73d year of her age.

At Albany, on Saturday evening last, William Frazer, Esq. late of this city.

On the 15th ult. at Savannah, Georgia, Mr. Alonso W. Kinsley, of Albany.

At Philadelphia, on the 26th ult. the Hon. Bushrod Washington, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

How sweetly solemn is the midnight hour
When all but one to rest have gone,
And past the tyrant world's despotic power
That one is left to muse alone.
Not all the hours of social bliss
That the bright day affords, can equal this.
When that lone watcher hears the thrilling sound
Of midnight's chime, strike on his startled ear,
Unearthly spirits seem to hover round,
And call, in tones, his inmost soul must hear;
He feels his soaring spirit rise
From its clay prison to its native skies. MARIA.

The following playful little poem, by Mrs. Sigourney, is taken from the "Pearl" for 1830, a beautiful annual intended expressly for children, published at Philadelphia, by T. Ash, and composed chiefly of articles from female pens.

THE PRIZE.

Minerva a visit to Flora once paid,
When the flowers, in a body, their compliments made;
And charin'd with their manners and elegant dyes,
She promis'd to give to the *fairest, a prize,*
Appointing a day, when herself should preside,
And on their pretensions to beauty decide.
Then the Rose bridled up with a confident air,
As if she would say—who with me shall compare?
While the Lily, but newly come out as a bride,
Whisper'd long to her sisters, and laugh'd at such pride.

The Hyacinth studied her wardrobe with care,
Still puzzled to settle what colours to wear;
The Poppy, ashamed of her dull, sleepy eyes,
Wore a new scarlet dress, with a view to the prize;
While the Tulip came flaunting and waving her fan,
And turn'd up her nose at the Daffodil clan.
Then flock'd the Anemones, fair to behold,
With the rich Polyanthos, in velvet and gold;
And the Jonquil with Cantelos laced very tight—
The hump at her back to conceal from the sight.

The buds who were thought by their mothers too young,
Round their sisters' toilettes discontentedly hung;
There was teasing, and dressing, and prinking enough—
The pretty Quill-Dises each bought a new ruff;
The stately Carnations stood frizzing their hair,
And the tall London-Pride choosing feathers to wear;
The Pink, at her mirror, was ready to drop,
And the Snow-Ball bought rouge at a milliner's shop;
While, in the same square, at a shoe-store so neat,
The trim Ladies' Slippers were pinching their feet.

Thrifty Lilac complain'd that her robe was not new,
But with turning and furbishing thought it might do;
While the queer Ragged-Lady, who pass'd for a poet,
Sat darning her hose, and let no body know it;
And Monk's-Hood, who sometimes had furnished a sonnet,
Was padding and plaiting a fanciful bonnet.

The green house exotics in chariots went by,
For their delicate nerves feared each frown of the sky;
While from her low cottage of moss on the plain,
The Violet look'd and admir'd the bright train,
Not dreaming to join in a circle so gay,
Nor supposing that she had a charm to display;
Beside, a sick babe she preferred to attend,
Which down to the dust its pale forehead would bend.

But judge how this splendid conventicle star'd
When Minerva the prize to the Violet declar'd!—
And added, though beauties and graces were there,
That Modesty ever to her was most fair;
Then loudly pronounced in the hearing of all,
That "the humble must rise, and the arrogant fall."

FROM THE FRENCH ANNUAL. THE BLIND BOY.

Ah, mother! whither am I led?
I feel the freshness of the fields—
Oh! that on me one ray could shed
The light and life that summer yields?
Thou glorious nature, fare thee well!
Why can I not forget thy hues,
Forget the green and graceful dell,
And every flower its turf that strews?
My mother! art thou lovely still?
For me, I see thy face no more—
But through the shades mine eyes that fill,
I trace the look thou hadst before.
Amid the wilderness of gloom
That round me spreads where'er I flee,
My dreams thy gentle form assume,
Fair as that morn I ne'er may see.
Feebly he stopped and sought a rose,
And trembling, plucked the crimson crown;
He steeped it in a shower of woes,
And tore its leaves and flung it down.
He died when died the withering year,
And mid his last and faltering sighs,
He murmured in his mother's ear,
"There is no blindness in the skies."

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.
PUZZLE I.—The heart.
PUZZLE II.—Letter O.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
Without my first, such is its heaven born power,
Music can boast no influence o'er the heart;
Sweet converse ne'er could cheer the social hour,
And Friendship's voice no raptures could impart.
With joy elate, my next the school-boy eyes;
In vain compassion urges him to spare;
Ambition prompts him to secure the prize.
And Pity's softer voice is lost in air.
My whole obtain'd, a pledge of future gain,
The village maid, with bosom void of care,
Under the conduct of her faithful swain,
Trips gaily homeward from the busy fair.

II.
Why is the tongue like a race-horse?

WANTED,

A smart, active lad, about 15 or 16 years of age, to serve as an apprentice to the Printing Business. One that has a good common education, and can come well recommended will meet with good encouragement by inquiring at this office.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

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All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.